

PS 3537
.M84 G8
1923
Copy 1

Guests of Happiness

Guests of Happiness

Smiths, Vilah Mc Clean
"



PC 3537
18458
1923

Copyrighted, 1923
by
VILAH McCLEAN SMITH
Madison, Wis.

33

© C1 A703503

APR -3 '23

Guests of Happiness

I know that all of Good is now,
That I no longer need to wait,
But now accept my Destiny
Nor fear the hand of Fate.

For I have learned the truth of home,
The dwelling place where I abide,
And only guests of happiness,
Need come inside.

And all who come before my door,
Some blessing bring, to take or give,
There is but one sweet recompense
Since I have learned to live.

And faith and trust and confidence
Have learned with me to break their bread,
These are my guests of happiness
And I am richly fed.

And so no more I sit and wait
To watch the coming of the years,
For lo! my own has come to me,
And gathered up my tears.

And tho' I cannot see the face
Of each of those I hold most dear,
I know they are within my reach
They are so very near.

The Wind and the Stars O'er Head

I was a flicker of sunshine, a shadow,
You were a cool deep pool;
I was the wind in the branches,
You were the gauge and the rule.
I was a glimmer of gladness,
A leap, and a fault confessed;
You were the balm for my sadness
—And rest.

Mine was a song and its echo,
Yours was a task well done;
Mine was a reach in the darkness,
Yours was a race slow run.
Mine was the winds in their madness,
Coping with powers that be;
Yours was the peace after sadness,
The calm and the deep of the sea.

Mine was a kite up flying,
Yours was the hand that staid;
Mine was the riot of sunlight,
Yours was the kindly shade.
Mine was the dream and the rover,
Yours was the patient tread;
Mine were the dead leaves falling,
Yours were the stars o'er head.

Yet ever the truant sunlight,
Is held by the quiet pool,
And ever the kite up flying
Is measured by guage and rule.
And always for dream and rover,
Follows some patient tread,
When gypsy trails are over
—The stars o'er head.

The vault you've sealed of grief that's covered,
The wound unhealed of pain you've smothered,
The smile you give the world of seeming,
The life you live above its dreaming,
These count; men rise by self-denying,
To brighter skies, and love undying.

If You Smile

If you cannot be happy inside of your heart,
 You can smile
 Just the same,
You can make of your smiling a joy and an art,
 After 'while,
 And a game.

If your heart is in shadow your face can be light,
 You can fill
 Just the same.
'The world with your sunshine from morning 'till
 night,
 If you will
 In your game.

And smiling, you'll find that your own heart is blest,
 After 'while,
 And the rest
Smiling back to your smile, will be doing their part,
 After 'while,
 To your best.

And your own heart will find it is losing its fears,
 In the game,
 After 'while,
And you'll gather a harvest of smiles for its tears,
 If you smile,
 For awhile.

I dreamed that heaven was mine to gain
With some fond hope I held most sweet,
Heaven! I sought its distance courts in vain,
And found it waiting, hidden, at my feet.

The Old School

No more the school house down the lane
Calls laggard feet delaying,
In winter snows or summer rain
Its mossy eaves displaying.

No more the solemn bell rings out
In tones of raucous warnings,
When school time calls the friendly bout
To cease, on summer mornings.

And down the hill the pasture land
In tortuous ditch deriding
Shuts out the sport of winter days
When happy hearts went sliding.

And gone the faces that we loved,
Some in the churchyard sleeping,
And all the heads are touched with gray
That memories' trysts are keeping.

And gone the teachers that we loved,
Their callous hearts grown tender,
With mellowing years, when youthful pranks
They still with us remember.

And gone the castles and the dreams
Of youthful hopes awinging,
For like the ships on fickle streams
No cargoes home they're bringing.

And each his separate path has found
To tread the wide world over,
The housewife—the philosopher,
The dreamer and the rover.

And each within his little place
Through storm or sunny weather,
Has sensed life's travail or its grace
Since we were young together.

O, schoolhouse by the winding road,
O, dim, deep shadows falling,
Through winter sun's late afternoon
Your voices still are calling.

And still the faces that we loved
Their tender smiles are showing,
Life's bitterness grown less, because
Their faith we still are knowing.

And many an hour has seemed more true
As nearing life's December,
We find old friends the happier too,
Because they still remember.

Expression

Oh God, be Thou my compensation,
That I may live a life of service blessed,
And be to sin its ample condemnation,
To every woe, a thought of love expressed.

Help me to see in each, a friend or brother,
My life to all, love's silent lesson teach,
When I some soul's mistaken weakness cover,
And bring a strength within his present reach.

And should it seem some dark December,
That it is hard to fill my little place,
Be this the Spring—when I remember
Whose life it is which fills both time and space.

If doubt and fear should e'er assail me,
And I forget some day to love express,
Be this my rod, the truths which never fail me,
'Till chastened thought again Thy power
confess.

If urged by human love or human reason,
The higher laws of God I fail to see,
Still may I find in every time or season,
The law of truth and love revealed in me.

Thus may my little span,—oh sure prediction,
Till sense of time and space is lost in Thee,
Be for Thy sake, an earnest benediction
To all who see Thy love expressed in me.

Douglas Lake

Above your dimpled face the clouds are lying,
Reflected in your waves and shallows sweet,
While through the sturdy oaks the wind is sighing
Along the shores which skirt your fickle feet.

Your puny tides against the piles are dipping,
The frowning bridge that towers above the mill
To soft decay, with added years is slipping,
And oft the whirl of busy wheel is still.

And far above, the lonely pines are lifting
Their giant arms against the somber sky;
And on your placid breast the tiny boats go
drifting,
As 'neath the stars the laggard hours go by.

The crane across the yellow sands is flying,
In lonely silence, home to find his nest,
The call of loon to tranquil quiet dying
When daylight folds its wings to gentle rest.

Oh Douglas Lake, a jeweled drop reposing
Upon the beauty of Wisconsin's breast,
With many a sister smile a dream disclosing
Of nature's lonely gifts or rare bequest.

We sing your praise though humble in your
dreaming,
Full many a moon has smiled above your face,
And many a heart has found beneath its beaming,
Along your shores some thought of joy or grace.

And out upon your tranquil bosom drifting,
Have dreamed rare dreams where yonder future
lies,
And now come back when Memory's wand is
lifting
The veil which shuts you from the world-tired
eyes.

Wondering

Sometimes I wonder if I'll walk with thee,
In that strange country of the great Beyond,
Shall find again the dear smile waiting me,
And hear the voice of which I am so fond.
Shall linger 'neath some wond'rous spreading tree,
To watch the distant stars fall from the dome,
As haunting memories prisoned spirits free
Longing for home.

Home in my heart, my heart with thee,
Swift as the stars which answer in their fall,
Searching the great depths, thy love for me
I searching thee in answer to its call.
Oh my beloved, how will it be with thee,
How can I find thee in that hidden place?
How shall thy soul speed back to me,
Who find it heaven to dream of thy face?

How shall it be there, love cannot sleep,
Boundless as ocean, larger than sea,
Stronger than death-dream, wider and deep,
So great the call of thine own soul to me.
Oh but to find thee, and answer the call,
Oh but to hear thee, when pulses grow weak,
Gladly to follow, through death's prison wall,
Waking to live again, hearing thee speak.

Ghosts Of Yesterday

When we come at last to the end of the road,
That we visioned but yesterday,
A half of our pain and a half of our load
Are the words that we did not say.
The words that were loving and kind and sweet,
When pride stood in the way,
O the thoughts of the love that we left unsaid
Are the ghosts of our yesterday.

A Prince There Was

My Prince you were, among the trees,
A fairy prince with sunny hair,
And I was but a litt'e maid
With loving heart, and free as air.

But Princes live for thrones you know,
I throned my Prince forever fair,
Within the cloisters of my heart,
And shrined his image there.

But oh, a Prince becomes a King,
And loves and friendships sometimes fade,
A Prince may love, but not a king,
A simple village maid.

And so the years grew wide between,
As changing seasons fell apace,
And of the handsome Prince and maid,
Old time had left no trace.

Until one day the King rode by,
And pausing at the loud acclaim,
Within a stately city's walls
We met in halls of fame.

And in the elemental rush
Of thoughts long schooled, and long suppressed,
We found a current running wild,
Of youthful, joyful tenderness.

And into life there leaped and grew
This clinging call so long denied,
And flamed to consciousness anew,
The primal surge we thought had died.

In place of halls and palaces,
We saw their storied grandeur fade,
And you were just a Prince again,
And I your little maid.

And though your kingdom is a world,
I hear its plaudits unafraid,
For you are still the fairy Prince,
And I the little maid.

Wisconsin Campfires

Above our heads a slow moon drifting,
The sighing singing river at our feet,
And through the somber pines the moonlight
 shifting
Where shadows meet.

To silent hills the tall sparks flying
From dancing campfires on the river's edge,
The crimson embers into ashes dying
On rocky ledge.

The music of loved voices filling
The rock-ribbed caverns 'neath an August moon,
And plaintive echoes into silence stilling,
When morning broke too soon.

The roasting fowl in ashes lying
Above the redhot stones within the pit,
The golden corn turned brown as flames lay dying
Beyond the homely spit.

Oh whispering nights above the singing river,
Which caught the firelight at our dancing feet,
Oh somber hills which speak forever
A language sweet.

How oft in memory we catch the picture
Of moon and sky, of pine and lofty hill,
How oft we hear the singing, sighing river,
And love them still.

The grandeur of your rocks and crags and
 torrents,
Beyond the sculpture of mere human hands,
When mighty man-made things shall fade and
 crumble,
Out-towering all, still stands.

And when we too shall pass forever,
Beyond the beauty of your plain and hill,
Another race will bow before you,
Majestic still.

Next Year—Part I

Next year the summer sun will shine again
And through the waving fields of clover, sweet,
The quails will whistle in the falling rain,
And sky-larks, soaring, sing among the wheat.

Next year will come, and every year the same,
And I shall listen through the twilight hours,
But one voice less, will greet the coming Spring,
And one face less, be welcoming the flowers.

The birds again around my door will sing,
And long and cool the evening shadows creep,
And I shall hear the tender whisperings
Of mother-hearts who croon their babes to
sleep.

But though I scan the pathway up and down,
No more I'll list the fall of eager feet,
Alone, I'll hear the whistle of the quail,
And sky-larks singing in the fields of wheat.

Next Year—Part II

Next year has come, the bud and flower,
The rose at dawn, the sunset hour;
The lengthened shades of twilights deep,
And slumber songs to babes asleep.
Next year has come, and though alone,
No more the loss of love I own,
For I have learned in this short while,
I have all good, and every smile.

I still possess each hour we spent,
The joy and peace your gladness lent,
Each sun-kissed hill remains the same,
Each whispering rill repeats your name.
Lost you? Dear God this cannot be;
Though pictured clay I may not see,
While memory lives, if God be true,
And Life is Life, I still have you.

From A Shellfish

A little shellfish lay upon the sand,
Mute product of the wind and wave;
I wondered what strange Providence
To me this wanderer gave,
Cast on the shore by wind and foam,
To find upon the sands another home.

What mystery beneath the clinging shell,
And what strange story of the ocean deep,
Wherein some darksome prison cell,
The lonely mermaids weep;
Or where, perchance, above the purple air,
They rise immune, from carking toil or care.

And then, inert upon my hand,
I pried the clinging coat of mail apart,
To learn, mayhap to understand
The secret history of a comrad's heart,
Companioned by the fickle sea
Which flung this homeless waif to me.

And as I pressed the darkened lips
Of this wan, lifeless thing apart,
I found within its sepulchre
The richness of a patient heart;
The product of an endless pain,
Changes by its care, to beauteous gain.

For soft and radiant as dawn,
Its jewel lay upon my hand,
Made rich and fair with ceaseless toil
From sordid bit of ugly sand.
"Oh God!" I said, "To understand!
I hold life's secret in my hand."

We wait so long to see our wills expressed,
Before we learn to know God's will is best.

The Vagabonds

We are rank vagabonds, my dreams and I,
We wander over sunlit ways,
Where ragweed and the brown-eyed susans sigh
On summer days.

We stretch full length beside the limpid pools,
We flirt with fickle streams;
We jest together, two court fools,
In gypsy dreams.

I have no fear, and neither have my dreams,
We've brushed dull care away,
We dally with the dragon-flies, who languid, seem
A part of play.

I touch a maiden on her shell-like ear,
She does not know nor care,
I whisper love-notes, but she does not hear
My ardent prayer.

For it is but a vagabond of dreams, the sigh,
My maiden is more worldly wise;
She needs a more substantial proof than I,
In dreams' disguise.

And so we saunter on, this bag of dreams,
And like a bubble floats, or thistledown,
We sail away astride the pale moon-beams
O'er sleeping town.

And I peek into all the hearts I find
With this strange vagabond, my friend,
And leave a kiss behind,
At every visit's end.

They never know the thought of love I give,
Nor sense the kiss;
But oh, 'tis sweet a vagabond to live,
In dreams like this.

The Heart Has A Thousand Rooms

The heart has a thousand rooms,
And all are fair,
And some are reached through the gathering
 glooms
Of winding stair,
But some are open right onto the street,
To go in and out, as true friends meet.

There's a room for childhood's laughing eyes,
The swish of the rains, and the summer skies,
And the room where memory waits to weep
The slow return of lagging feet,
And the room where we put our loved away,
With the outgrown hopes of another day.

There's a room for the faces we've loved and
 missed,
The haunting sweetness of lips we've kissed,
The idols we served in other years,
The ghosts that follow our smothered fears,
Thru' distant rooms of the winding stair,
With their shuttered halls that still are fair,

The heart has a thousand rooms, and all are fair,
From the open hearth to the winding stair,
For the guests to come that are true and sweet,
The lame and blind and the halting feet,
These thousand rooms where all is fair,
When Love and Truth and Peace are there.

What, though I may have seemed
The more or less,
To miss life's rarest gift,
Which men call happiness,
I cannot all of life its pattern make,
Nor way design;
But I can weave the tangled threads,
Nor let them drift,
With watchful care, and strength not mine,
In love's sure cross, for Love's dear sake,
And in the darkness wait and trust,
Until the morning break.

Experience

I live midst lives of sage and seer,
The intellect of earth is here,
They only live within their books,
But I, I know the hidden nooks.

Dream, dream, seer and sage,
Who reads life's history from a page,
They know the truth of form and style,
I know the secret of a smile.

How drear the life of one may be,
Who never learns to really see;
He knows alone the truth from books,
But I, I know the hidden nooks.

Forgetfulness

Oh pool of pain, upon whose smothered breast,
The yellow calyxed lilies, waxen lie;
Speak from thy deeps again, life's plan confessed,
Sobbing thine untold woe, nor yet will die;
Held in unebbing destiny,
—Endless unrest.

Once but a tear, a covered sigh,
A smile which lurked above a broken string,
A harp unstrung, and then the lie,
Of hopes which died beneath the vulture's wing.

Ah pool, the gentians smile, nodding in vain,
The careless children pluck them at their will,
The long-stemmed lilies spring, a chain
From sodden deeps, to be remembered still.

And as the bird skims by, and sees his flight
From some high heaven, caught swinging in thy
breast,
The tangled lake-grass rots, and somber night
Falls as a garment, undesired,—unblessed!

Oh pool of pain, cherished and still,
Wide as eternity, endless and deep,
Shadowing always one strange will,
Sobbingly sing to me, soul o' me,
Sighingly bring to me, heart o' me,
—Sleep.

Angels

There is an angel, and men call it Pain,
It smites the dream of life and leaves it dying,
It wakes the stubborn heart and vain
To heavenly sighing.

When falls, the selfish aim grows less,
It probes the wounds of pride with sadness,
It turns defiance into gentleness,
And grief to gladness.

Oh angel of our fears, and yet our friend,
You follow that our thoughts may sever
From selfish dreams, unworthy aims to end
In high endeavor.

Teach us the lesson of your cross,
And when beneath your hand our hearts lie
bleeding,
Help us to see amid the wreckage and the dross
Love's leading.

Graven Images

Dear God, so long this foolish life has clung
To these dear idols that my soul has made,
Before them for so many years I've prayed or
sung,

Loath to replace them or behold them fade,

So long a time these earthly loves
Have been of life the greatest part,
Their images and candle sticks
That glow forever in my heart.

Help me that I may let them go,
The vain idolatries for which I care,
To find behind their symbolized grace
One Image only, and behold it fair.

The hurts I've nourished secretly,
Unworthy aims or vain regret,
Like loathsome weeds uprooted be,
All things but good may I forget.

And those dear faces I have lost,
Or seemed to, for a little while,
Teach me to give them back to Thee,
And in my gift behold Thee smile.

One Hour

Grant me this hour the joy and to know and hear
Loved voices speak, long mute,
Silenced thru fear;
Grant me to know the way they take
'Neath sun and star,
Grant me to know, for old love's sake
Their path afar.

Grant me this boon, to love them still,
Forgetting me,
Yet may I find it joy enough
Their joy to see.
So for one hour I pray, Love, lead me there,
That, though they pause not on the way,
I find it fair.

Then I may know their lives are blest,
Through Love's design,
And I may see their happiness,
Tho' empty mine.
And I may be more brave
The cup to take,
Life's loss their gain, my recompense,
For Love's sure sake.

And I would skim the hills between,
As birds in southern flight,
Over the singing silver rails,
On wings of light.
Then grant me, Lord, I pray,
If it be right,
One hour to be alone
With my beloved tonight.

Recompense

Lost dear? The spring is ever turning
Its pink and snowwhite face to charm and cheer,
After the frost the sure returning
Of nesting birds each year.
We lose not any if we once possessed,
And ours most truly that we loved the best.
Give them no fear for safe returning
Of hopes and wishes only half confessed,
There is no fate of ever losing
That once expressed.

Teach Me To Pray

Teach me to pray!
Around me lie the shadows,
The courage of the day seems nearly spent.
Teach me to pray! and find in Thee the answer
To the unceasing hurts which life has sent.

Teach me to pray!
I would not harm another
Who clings to me, perhaps, for frail defense,
By thought or deed, but rather may I smother
Each selfish wish to find a recompense.

Teach me to pray!
Not self and its fulfillments,
Nor yet its hidden dreams shall I confess,
The things I ask amiss can find no answer,
While still I pray for earthly happiness.

Teach me to pray!
I dare not ask Thee, Father,
To send me my desires, lest others fall,
I plead no special gift, but only
Give what is best to help us when we call!

Home

As strangers passing, glimpse through open door,
Home faces smiling at a strange hearth fire,
Long in that glimpse their own to see,
Changed by one look to swift desire,
Just so life's pilgrim on the busy street
Beholding glimpses as he walks alone,
Of light and comfort, love and cheer,
Longs for his home.

And sometime when the lights shall fall
Thru open doors from welcome fires,
Around the hearth each one shall come,
Led by the fingers of his sweet desires,
And every happy face shall beam and smile,
No stranger left to walk alone,
Since Love will surely lead us after while,
Safe home.

The Heart of A Child

Hark! over our heads there's a song in the air!
A whisper of hope, and a freedom from care,
Go sing to the years and awake them from sleep,
For Christ comes to earth on the face of the deep.

Go sing of the cradle and wonderful birth,
And tell the glad story to bondsmen of earth,
And echo the tidings o'er war-tempests wild,
That Christ comes to men in the heart of a child.

Then speak to the rocks and the caves of the deep,
Where our beautiful sleep,—our beautiful sleep,
And waken from slumber and sin, unbeguiled,
To newness of life, with the faith of a child.

And call them to waken from ages before,
To see the great vastness of Life evermore,
And tell them how truly Omnipotence smiled
When Christ came to earth in the form of a child.

Oh, waken from bondage the slaves every where,
And bind them no more to the chains of despair,
For out of the ages our Father hath smiled,
And given us Christ in the name of a child.

No more shall the war-ridden nations be red,
No more shall men live in the graves with their
dead,
When they grasp how the heart of Infinity smiled,
When He gave us our Christ, through the love of
a child.

Go tell to the toilers who delve in the sod,
The wonderful truth of the kin-ship of God,
And tell the sad hearts who go down to the sea,
That the message has come, and men may be free.

Go sing to the saddened and weary of earth,
And say to rejoice at the wonderful birth!
And tell of the sonship and love of His care,
Who gave us this truth with the Christ every
where.

We shall see as God sees us, and learn to be free,
And enter at once in the Kingdom to be,
And find in all faces, this love undefiled,
When we see through the eyes and the faith of a
child.

Then list to the Voice, and the song in the air,
To the whisper of hope, and the freedom from care,
And men shall awaken from death, and from sleep,
For gladness has come to the millions who weep.

And out of the past, with its echoes of prayer,
The King is proclaimed, as "The Good" and "The
Fair."

We have found with His coming, "The Powerful"
"The Mild."

And the Christ is revealed as the heart of a child.

No Room in the Inn

"No room at the inn!" and she sat her down
Weary and tired at the edge of the town,
While Joseph searched where the crowds had been
For a single place to take them in.

"No room at the inn!" In the fragrant hay
With the sweet-breathed kine, at the close of day,
They found a manger clean and sweet,
To shelter the little Christ-child's feet.

And often we, when our hearts have been
Searching a place in the crowded inn,
With those that we love, are turned away
Alone and broken, at close of day,
And crowded out from the gifts we'd choose,
To find our Christ, in the things we lose.

With Mary and Joseph in Bethlehem town
Far from their loved, to sit us down
In some humble manger, as they that day,
When the Christ-child came to the bed of hay,
And alone with God, to count the cost,
And find our Christ from the gift we lost.

Life's Way

I take what e'er life gives me without frown,
For I have learned its way ;
I know the lions in my path go down
To rise as angels if they may ;
Not what they seem, but what they are to me,
This is the task that's mine to see.

Not by the happy meadows often,
I've learned life's way,
But some times where a frowning barrier
Obscures the light of day,
'Tis then with only faith for sight,
I've learned to lose my deepest fear of night.

And so, when darkest seems the way,
I've learned to wait,
I know that only fear shuts out the day,
Or pride or hate,
And thus the serpent in my path,
Becomes for me a rod or staff,
And always with each lesson taught,
I've found more near the Presence I have sought.

Stars

As truant star beholds the face
Of beckoning star, held for a space
Reluctant, and responding falls,
So once and only once, and face to face,
Might we have answered, call for call.

But now within an orbit, fixed each place,
Responding, yet secure I ween,
We live with but the memory of a face,
And all the world between.

Looses Him and Let Him Go

“Loose him and let him go” the Master said,
And from his hands and brow they laid
The napkin that had bound him when they
thought him dead;
“Loose him and let him go”
With eyes that saw not, they obeyed,
And from the sepulchre was led
Radiant with life, the one they mourned as dead.

How oft the summons comes today
To sleep-drawn eyes that cling to dead and futile
things,
To loose some buried hope from its decay,
But to the earth-bound heart no light it brings.

How long, Oh Lord, how long
Must we be bidden and return Thee nay,
While patiently Thou waitst all to give,
To those who seeing not, yet love Thee and obey.

Moonlight

White as the tulle which sheathes her, bridal-wise,
The snow lies on the brow of night,
Sparkling as laughter in love's eager eyes,
And bright!

The moonlight lies upon the sleeping town,
A trailing mantle o'er the city street,
Purging to white it's murky gown,
And sweet!

With what wierd message is its mantle spread,
Of what strange haunting mystery,
When from its soul an arrow's sped,
To pierce to anguished pain the heart o' me,
To pierce to anguished pain the soul,
—The soul o' me!

Goodnight Little Dream

Hush little dream, and go to sleep,
Dreams like children, awake and weep,
You have played with me in my heart all day,
And now we are tired, I will lay you away.
Hush little dream, and go to sleep,
A tired little urchin, with lagging feet.

Hush little dream, and be at rest,
Or fly far away o'er the blue hill's crest,
To flutter low down in some fragrant deep,
And under the daffodils fall asleep;
And sleep so long, oh dream of regret,
That you waken no more, and we both forget.

Then hush little dream, we have lived your span,
We have danced with the winds to the pipes of
Pan,
We have laved in the folds of your maddening
grace,
We have bathed in the tears on your fickle face,
And now we are done with the vain regret,
Then go to sleep, that we both forget.

I builded an altar to you my dream,
T'was hard on the shores of a rippling stream,
And its waves licked the stones at your dimpled
feet,
And washed them away to its music sweet,
'Till the altar fell at the streamlet's side,
And carried my dream to the ocean wide.

And up from the mists which rose from the sea,
My phantom dream came back to me,
To gleam like a gem on a woman's breast,
Or shine like a star on a far hill's crest;
And it troubles me sore with its vain regret,
'Till I pray to forget,—I pray to forget.

So I'll sing you to sleep with a song o' the years,
I'll weave you a chain from the salt o' my tears,
I'll fasten a cross on your nameless grave,
And I'll serve you no more as servant or slave,
And I'll learn to forget—I'll learn to forget.

Oh, hush little dream, and go to sleep,
And waken no more from your slumber deep,
But under the shade of some heavenly hill,
Just fold your wings, and learn to be still.
And slumber on through the stars' pale light,
Good night, little dream o' my heart, good night.

Unfoldment

A star above my casement shone,
The brightest star in all the West;
It smiled into my humble home,
Of all the stars, I loved it best.
Each night I looked upon its face,
And reveled in its slender might;
Each morn the blush of rosy East
Dispelled its feeble light.
I looked me North, I looked me South,

I searched the East, the distant West;
Of all the stars in all the sky,
I thought my own, the tenderest.
But when the morning came again,
Once more I found a larger day,
And lo, the star that gave me light,
With other stars, had passed away.

I searched again to find my own,
But lo, my star was part of night;
I had no need, when morning came,
To find my way by candle-light.
And so each stage, I find within
But footsteps that have led me far;
And with the breaking of each day,
I lose the magic of the star.

And so no more I look without
To catch a gleam of vagrant light;
I know the rosy East must come
And kiss away the night.
And never since the fickle stars
Have some mysterious message sent,
To me, they are but points of light,
Within a firmament.

Possession

I shall meet you when the moonlight smiles in
ripples on the lake,
Or the radiance of the sunset in a golden glory
falls,
I shall meet you when the ashes of dead dreams in
me awake
To the memory and the music of old calls.

I shall meet you when the dawning brushes out
the lingering star,
And the promised day approaches o'er the hill,
I shall meet you when the twilight paints the dis-
tant woods afar,
And the teeming life about me grows more still.

I shall meet you in the shadows of the winding
river road,
When the autumn glory lies upon the trees,
I shall hear you in the laughter of the waters at
my feet,
When the river sings its way to meet the seas.

I shall meet you and shall hear you, when the soul
in me lies dead,
And I'm longing for some heart to understand,
I shall feel your strength and courage when the
way lies dim ahead,
And I'll sense again the pressure of your hand.

I shall meet you in the kingdom that all strong
hearts feel and bless,
'Tis a kingdom that the world but faintly knows,
'Tis the land of brave endeavor where the selfish
aim grows less,
And the flower of mad ambition rarely blows.

It is where we reap the guerdon when we lay dead
dreams away,
And we glean the ripened harvest of the years,
Where we find the hidden answer to the prayer of
yesterday,
And we learn the promised recompense for
tears.

I shall meet you and shall know you, in the
thoughts that heal and bless,
I shall find you in a way you cannot see,
But your heart will be the lighter, and your load
will be the less,
When you've walked, unknown, a little way
with me.

I shall call you, I shall call you from a day no
longer dead,
Since it wakened to the music of your speech,
I shall beckon, I shall beckon, from a star plane far
ahead,
Near at hand and yet forever out of reach.

I shall meet you, unforgetting, part of all that was
and is,
When the warring and the tumult find an end.
And our lives will be the sweeter for the touch
invisible,
'Tis the gift of all who know and own a friend.

I Would Not Mourn

I would not mourn o'er much; the Father knows
The narrow way your lagging feet must take,
From desert sands shall spring the rose
And pleasant streamlets from the rocks shall
break.

I would not mourn; the paths though wide
Must lead us safely to a ready bourne;
There are so many ways to serve Him at our side,
We miss life's truest service if we wait to mourn.

And those who seem the farthest, may most near
Be loving, trusting, though all sense forbid,
And cling the closest; though we may not hear
Their happy voices, since their ways are hid.

Then let us trust Him since His love is sure,
He means no single heart to be forlorn,
The tender mercies of His ways endure
We only hide them from us, when we wait to
mourn.

At Even

The speeding lights along the silver thread of road
 Fantastic shadows paint upon the darkened
 walls,
The pallid moon still smiles above the distant wood
 As evening falls.

Here in my grate the embers spurt and blaze
 And in the room beyond, the soft lights shine,
As father sits with open book, and daughter plays
 Remembered songs from days of Auld Lang
 Syne.

Familiar airs of childhood cherished yet,
 Awaken in her heart their happy themes,
While mine, responding, feels the old regret
 Of olden dreams.

Dear happy child, my life in yours I trace,
 As hesitant, youth's siren voices call,
Who yet have seen no frown upon life's face,
 Nor watched its castles fall.

Dear one, I pray that all the years ahead
 May find the same dear Hand that guided mine,
That you may ever see Love's shining face,
 When you look back upon your Auld Lang Syne.

And when the songs are done, and father comes
 To draw his chair beside the open grate,
And daughter stoops between to kiss each one,
 Because 'tis bed time, and the hour grows late.

She smiles and wonders at the tears,
 When I have loved the music of her hands,
"Why are you sad if you have loved them, dear?"
 And finds it hard to understand.

Dear child o' mine, a mother knows
 The long, long way and rugged hills to climb,
Perhaps, who knows? the ashes for the rose,
 The broken melodies in songs of Auld Lang
 Syne.

Illusion

Whence is it gone, the thing to me
That was, is not, never can be,
Whence is its life, that lived tenderly,
Madly impassioned,
Cruelly fashioned,
Robbing the heart of me,
Leaving a sigh.

That which is not, never again can it be,
Never it was, and whence did it fly?
Naught did it spring from,
What did it sing from,
What is the mystery,
Born but to die?

Oh to be rocked again,
Loved again, mocked again,
Oh to be moved by a smile and a cry,
Into the life of me,
All of the strife of me,
Dreams that float by;
More than a part of me,
Half of the heart of me,
How could it die?

In Douglas Lane

In Douglas Lane, the thrushes mate and sing,
And tall and lush, the road side grasses sway,
Across the sky the branches arch and swing,
And it is May.

In Douglas Lane, the snow lay white and still,
A winter moon and stars turned night to day,
But in our hearts strange rapture thrilled
For it was May.

Oh, Maytime of our hearts to bloom and spring
Eternal, midst the winter's cold and chill,
Our thoughts turn back to tread thy moonlit way,
In Maytime still.

Oh, Douglas Lane, Oh, Douglas Lane,
No more to walk where arching branches sway,
No more to find amid our wandering
That it is May.

Idols

A soul was passing; and his bed
For his beloved, a bridge of sighs,
Who sought to read closed portals through
The love light in his eyes.

The only heaven he had glimpsed
Her image in his heart;
The only hell he ever feared
A life from her apart.

Poor dupes of sense, how many fools
As well as men of great renown,
Before thy mockery, as tools
Or broken wrecks, go down.

And I who humanly have loved too well,
And craved so great a largess in return,
At last, from its poor broken symbols find
So much to learn.

And I am glad no soul shall lie
Broken and desolated for my sake,
Waiting while endless hours go by
With heart that break,

The rose which fades within our hand
A symbol only and a dream,
Poor bauble,—but an image fair
Cast by life's magic on its changing screen.

Then let me be to those I meet
One golden hour which has its day,
An hour of courage or of patience sweet,
Which smiles its message on its fleeting way.

But not the hour I dreamed in other years,
Which held some dearer life in its embrace,
Seeking the swift return of answering tears
Upon some loved one's face.

But give to me the things I need,
The broken toy, the feet of clay,
If losing that I love the most
I closer seek the hidden way.

And if perchance the face fades out
Which beckons most and seems most sweet,
O Life! to know that God is just,
And gives me only what is meet.

I would have done with vain desire
For some frail human thing,
And find amidst the dying fire
—God answering.

House O' Dreams

Into this little sweet-grass box
I fold my dream,
Sweet with the odor of summer phlox,
Bright with the gleam
Of little brooks, that sing their way
Into the seas;
Fragrant with roses, and new cut hay
On summer leas.

These were the tapestries and the woof
The hopes and fears,
The corner stone and the quaint old roof
Of childhood years;
These memories that bleed and sing
Of sun and star,
The bells that peal, the tones that ring
Back from afar!

Into this little box I fold them all,
With winsome grace,
Bright with the smile and tender call
Of one sweet face.
No more beside me on the grass,
That step shall fall,
As soft as dew on baby-breath
Came the last call.

Oh God! Help us to know Thy way,
Teach us Thy will,
And to our longing heart aches say:
"Peace," and "Be Still."

The Call Fra' the Sea

'Twas a wee Highland lassie that lived by the lea,
An' she loved a brave laddie who sailed o'er the
 sea,
For he called and she answered his call from the
 sea,
This wee Highland lassie that lived by the lea.

He called her his own, and his light o' the morn,
And he wooed her fond heart i' the hush o' the
 corn,
And she answered the call o' her lad o' the sea,
This bonnie young lassie who lived by the lea.

The ships sailin' out from their rest i' the bourn,
Fly gaily enou' tho' some never return,
An' she saw him sail out from her home on the lea,
Her gallant young laddie who called fra' the sea.

The years passed away and she waited in vain,
'Neath the blue o' the skies and the blur o' the
 rain,
And she watched for the ship that sailed into the
 West,
That carried the lad she had loved' the best.

She dreamed o' his face an' the love i' his eyes,
While afar in the West 'neath the stars in the
 skies,
He found a pink rose more precious to be
Than the gold i' the heart o' his maid by the lea.

An' he wooed once again i' the hush o' the corn,
An' called the pink rose his light o' the morn,
And left her awaitin', the maid by the lea,
Ta' answer the call o' her lad o' the sea.

Ah, strange is the fate that brings mony regret,
When there's one ta' remember and one ta' forget,
And mony that answer the call fra' the sea,
And mony who wait like the maid by the lea.

And there's mony ta' woo 'neath the stars i' the
 skies,
The pink i' some face or the smile o' the eyes,
Forgettin' the heart that still lives by the lea,
Awaitin' the ship that sails out o'er the sea,

The years come and go like the blush o' the morn,
Na longer she waits by the broom an' the corn,
For she knows o' the rose, this maid by the lea,
An' how faithless the heart o' a laddie may be.

She sings at her work an' she smiles at the morn,
An' she watches the ships that sail out from the
 bourn,
But never again will the maid by the lea,
Be waitin' a call from a man o' the sea.

Let him sail i' his ships far out fra' the West,
Some other heart mourns him that loves him the
 best,
Does he ever remember his maid by the lea,
This gallant young rover, the lad o' the sea?

The frost-king may cajole the maples to fire,
An' the light o' the eyes wake the soul o' desire,
But the winter must come with the snow an' the
 frost,
An' the flames o' the summer die out and are lost.

So the years pass away an' the man o' the sea,
Grows old like the maiden who lived by the lea,
Forgettin' each one as they sit by the fire,
The love o' their youth an their dream o' desire.

Love's Litany

As soft as breath of summer air,
 Above a field of poppies spent,
Love came into my life one day,
 And brought to me a sweet content.
It asked me nothing of the years,
 Before to me its light was sent,
It asked me only for today,
 And with today was well content.

As soft as bloom of thistle-blow,
 Adrift upon some limpid air
It came into my lonely heart,
 And kissed away its care.
And so adown the tranquil years
 Each day a richer joy is sent,
Love walks with me upon the way,
 And all the way, I am content.

Reconstruction

In the long hours when others lie asleep,
I hear the ticking of my faithful clock,
And through the window, shafts of moonlight shift
To lie in mellow light upon the floor.
A cock crows, and at intervals
The wind sweeps round my lattice,
And whirls in eddied gusts about the door.
And then the e'erie silence of a winter night,
Unbroken, save for Nature's voices,
Sinks down, and all the world is still,
And every heart is sleeping save my own.

"Tis then I lie and dream
And fold my head into the pillow,
And thoughts unknown to day-light
Hover close, and wrap me in their reveries,
And pictures glide before me like kaleidoscopes
And sights and sounds forgotten
Steal like monks in somber gray who pass in grim
Procession before cathedral doors
And bowing, cross themselves and enter.

And thus within the chambered imagery
Sequestered and alone, they come
And pass dim aisles and bowing penitents,
The shapes and shades of fruitless yesterdays,
To kneel before the altar of my dreams,
And there before the chancel rail
With that grim train I kneel,
And wait the ministrations
Of some loved hope which gave me bread,
Then rudely snatched both bread and wine away,
And cup and wafer both denied,
Upon my stricken spirit falls
The heavy mantle of its unbelief.

Who has not made within his inmost soul's seclusion,
His human love stand priest upon the altar of his heart,
And seen, alas, his castle walls recede,
And leave a hovel of his miseries?
Who has not felt the cup of hope denied,
And found life barren through its emptiness?

And thus, when moonlight phantasies
Paint mocking pictures on the chambered walls,
We live again the baubles that we grasped and
 caught,
To find them but a puff of air, within a dazzling
 beauty,
Or pictured shapes, which haunt us as they tarry
And fade again, as moonlight fades upon the
 oaken floor,
A life made up of myriad broken vessels
Which pour their oil and wine upon its barren
 shores.
And then the stars fade out and moonlight dulling,
The heavy hour of dawn approaches,
Before the East awakens to the morning,
And all inert and dull, the fog pours in the window.

Oh, to have lived the midnight of life's miseries,
Before the waking dawn dispels its phantoms
And East turns red with message of returning
 day!
Oh to have lived, and to emerge triumphant!
To turn night's baubles into richest gems.
Not all men find the King's High-way among the
 shadows,
Not all are watchers for the coming Day!
But to have lived, and watched, and seen its
 coming!
To find again a priest upon life's altars,
And know its face forever turned in benediction
This is rare privilege indeed, and few may find it,
But it lies always at the feet of yesterday.

Hope

On distant hills, snow crowned,
 Blue-dim across the Winter skies,
Last year the blazing sumac flamed,
 Where heavy hoar-frost lies.

Blurred like my hill of dreams,
 Blue-dim across the waiting years;
The fleecy clouds of hope grown gray,
 With unshed tears.

And yet, on distant hills, sun-crowned
 The Spring will 'wake 'neath ardent skies,
And fleecy dream-clouds soar again
 For happy eyes.

Guidance

Are you lonely? Gentle Shepherd
Waits to find His wayward sheep,
Or rejoicing? Through the sunlight
Still His love His lambs will keep,
All-in-all to His dear children,
Those who laugh or those who weep.

Are you sighing? Heavenly Father
Knows the hearts of all who roam,
Waiting, patient, through the shadows
For the wayward feet to come,
Waiting, patient, till the daybreak
Brings the weary traveler home.

Life seem futile? Seek no longer
For earth's treasures or its wiles,
Look above the erring shadows
To the soul's deep after-whiles,
Where beyond the night of sorrow,
Our dear Father waits and smiles.

Take your broken toys and lay them
With the dreams of yesterday;
Vanished hopes and futile longings
Idols with their feet of clay.
Only shadows in a dreamland,
Empty baubles of a day.

Leave them with the outgrown treasures
Of a childhood strange and sweet,
Or where jagged rocks and boulders
Pierced the flesh of bleeding feet,
Only leave them; you have courage
For today; and this is meet.

Let there be no weight of sadness,
Just the trail where gladness lies,
Cast the shadow of repining
From the lips and heart and eyes,
Find the truth of love immortal
Where the human longing dies.

Sing! for loss is gain; the idols
That we loved but yesterday,
Losing, point the upward journey
To the solitary way
That the soul must tread to find Him
From life's darkness to its day.

Lonely? Gentle loving Shepherd
Waits to find His wayward sheep,
Or rejoicing? Through the sunlight
Still His love His lambs will keep,
All-in-all to His dear children,
Those who laugh and those who weep.

Gentle Shepherd

Gentle loving Shepherd, bring us to Thy rest,
Wayward stubborn feet that roam,
Cradle mother-like Thy own upon Thy breast,
Turn again Thy children home.
Whisper through the silence to the hearts that
bleed,
Words of tender love and cheer,
Be to longing lost ones all the light they need,
When they feel Thy presence near.

Teach us gentle Shepherd how to save and bless
Those that go from Thee astray,
Show unloving hearts Thy love and tenderness,
When they turn like sheep away.
Out into the silence of the years to be,
Be our guide, our strength, our stay,
Be our only Love, our Life, our Truth, our All,
Fire by night or cloud by day.

Gentle loving Shepherd, bring us to our rest,
Wayward, stubborn feet that roam,
Father—Mother—All, our hearts upon Thy breast,
Thou our lamp, our life, our home,
Whisper through the silence, words of love and
cheer,
To the lonely hearts that crave
Peace and love and safety; Truth forever near,
Thou alone can'st bless and save.

Thy Will

Teach me to do Thy will,
Nor may I reach with tyrant hands,
To grasp the things for which men pray,
But teach me to be still,
And know, and understand
And love Thy way.

Speak to my eager heart,
The lesson Love would teach,
The stillness and the quiet of the quest,
Which knows the place Thou art,
And finds within my reach
Thy perfect rest.

Say to the surging sense
Of life apart from Thee: "Be Still,"
Bid doubts and fears forever flee,
Be my sweet recompense,
Be Thou my Principle, my Will,
And act through me.

When to this sense of earth,
My thoughts no more shall cling,
But see in all, Thy pleasing grace,
Thy power, Thy mighty worth,
Oh heart! Look up, lift up, and sing!
It is Love's face!

Renouncement

Not by my hatreds nor my loves,
Bind I Thine own from Thee,
Teach me to see them as they are,
And help them to be free.

For every thought that grasps and clings,
Around their shoulders hangs a stone
Teach me in giving all to Thee,
To find my own.

A Place by the Road

Could I choose out my place from the dwellings of
men,
And be able to lighten their load,
Then give me the place of the little brown wren,
That sings from her nest by the road.

She chirrups and twitters the summer day through,
While cuddling and feeding her brood,
And brightens the wayside with messages true,
This dear little wren by the road.

She sings as she flutters with freedom from care,
And never complains of her load,
But sings of the Infinite Love everywhere,
This dear little wren by the road.

And so could I choose from the dwelling of men,
A place that would lighten their load,
I'd choose me a place like the little brown wren,
That sings from her nest by the road.

Remembrance

I may not see your face again
On life's tall hills nor by its lowly streams,
Dear God, I see it oft enough
Down the dim aisle of dreams,
And there I wander many a mile
To live once more the memory of your smile.

The green may fall on budding trees,
The sumacs burst to waves of living flame,
Or whitening snows shut out the darkened leas,
Yet life remains the same,
And life is love and love is life,
No matter how it be,
My soul is calling out to you,
Your soul calls back to me.

Enough For Me

I know not where thy path may lead,
Nor where my own may be,
If thou shalt walk o'er scorching sands,
And I beside the sea,
But this I know, where'er we go,
No matter how it be,
The Love that leads thee by the hand,
The same Love guideth me.

Thy face again I may not see,
Thou mayst not see mine,
It matters not which way it be,
Since Love and God are thine;
And if alone, His care I own,
I do not need to see,
The Love which keeps thy way and mine,
Is quite enough for me.

Companionship

Once it were people that had come
To make my soul its joy confess,
Glad hearts and kindred voices, some
Rare gift to bring of happiness.
But now, ah me, the smile fades out,
And yet my soul stands unafraid,
The fine face vanished, and about
The empty void the song has made.

And yet I sing and know no pain,
I sense no grief, and claim no dross;
A skylark singing in the rain
The soul strives on and owns no loss.
The guests that come unseen, alone,
Find at the board rare viands spread;
We sit us down, the world unknown,
In secret, and our souls are fed.

Oh patience, fortitude and love,
Oh rare compassion, trust and praise,
A grander company are these
Than fading smiles of other days.
And sweeter far the reaper's song,
Intrepid, free, the strong heart sings
Than fleeting smile or hollow mirth,
The poor companionship of kings.

At Night-Time

Oh heart o' my heart when the roses are sweet,
I am kneelin' again in the dusk at your feet,
An' my heart is as leal as in days far away
Though the years are fast turnin' the gold in ta
gray.

I think o' the love like the stars i' your eyes,
As I paused 'neath the grey or the blue o' the skies,
An' the thocht has grown sweeter, it outlives the
years,
As dear as in youth-time an' shorn o' its fears.

They may laugh, they may jest, or be scornful at
will,
Yet the love o' our youth-time it clings ta us still,
An' we live o'er its sweetness at closin o' day,
Though the years take a' else from our memories
away.

Then I'll gi' ye a wish as the day finds an end,
The lealest o' hearts an' the dearest o' friends,
An' we'll linger as fond as i' days long ago,
E'er the brown o' your locks had been touched wi'
the snow.

Then heart o' my heart when the roses bloom
sweet,
I am kneelin' again i' the dusk at your feet,
Repeatin' the tale o' the years far away,
E'er the brown o' our hair had been turned in ta
gray.

Look Up and Sing

You may have heard the story of the wounded
nightingale,
That had bruised her breast to bleeding
In the darkness of the vale,
And when all the world was waking to the
brightness of the morn,
Sang her old sweet song of rapture,
With her breast against a thorn.

So may we, when clouds hang thickest,
Seek the pleasure of our King,
And with hearts to love awaking,
Like the bird, look up and sing.

A Bra' Lad An' Lassie

A bra' lad and lassie once lived by the glen,
She thoc't him the grandest an' noblest o' men,
But she smiled i' his eyes at the close o' the day
When he asked if she loved him, and sent him
away.

Her heart it was breakin' wi' grief a' the while,
But she looked at her lover an' gi' him a smile,
But her proud heart was humbled ta ashes that
day,
When he answered her smilin' and hied him away.

Na longer they dwell i' their cots by the glen,
He has made him a dwellin' an' name amang men,
An' she lingers ta dream o' her lover a' way,
As he was when she loved him, an' sent him away.

Ah me, for the pride that is breakin' the heart,
Ah me for the lovers that meet but ta part,
For the smiles turn ta tears an' ta darkness the
day,
When pride is the de'il that sends them away.

Proximity

Friend? friend, I know that you are near,
And yet, I dare not answer to your speech;
Fair? fair with sunbrown hair,
I feel your self-of-self within my reach.

Call? call with longing eyes,
And yet, I dare not breathe one light caress;
Fain, fain to speak your name,
And give response to tenderness.

Queer? queer since you are near
That never once I dare to speak;
Fear? fear lest you should hear
The fall of tear-drops on my cheek.

Yesterday

Where is the child with tender eyes,
I loved in days of old,
Who watched the blue of morning skies
Change into gold?
Who sensed the heart of nature nigh
And loved each blossom sweet,
Who sorrowed at the song-bird's cry,
Bruised at his feet.

Who watched the glimmer of a star
Fade in the West,
And reaching for its light afar,
Sank into rest.
Who loved, because the world was new,
And love is always best,
Who felt the pulse of living true,
Throb in his breast.

Where is the boy with tender eyes,
Who found each lesson sweet,
And as the rushing world pushed by,
Ran out with eager feet.
I know not where the boy has gone,
I cannot find a trace,
But in a garden seer and brown,
A stern man walks apace.

“And It Shall Return”

Are you friendless? Be a friend;
Lonely? Love the more;
The thing you crave most, give the most,
And great shall be your store.

Life seem empty? Fill it up
With thought for others' needs,
The weary heart will fill again
With strength from loving deeds.

And he who gives the willing cup
From out his scanty store,
Will find the cistern brimming up
With joy, to give the more.

For what we give comes back again,
Of pride or love or fear;
To give the thing we crave the most,
Will bring that gift most near.

Hidden Riches

We gain a richer bounty
From the things we love and miss,
Than we do from cherished idols,
That we daily love and kiss,
For from losses and distresses
From our sadness and our pain,
We turn to find the sunshine
That was hidden by the rain.

It is not in always standing
But in rising when we fall,
That we find the sweet compassion,
That is waiting for us all;
And it's not in constant sunshine,
But in searching thro' the rain,
That we find life's greatest riches,
And the recompense for pain.

Life is neither rain nor sunshine,
It is turn and turn about,
It is finding precious jewels
From the gems we do without;
It is finding joy for sadness,
It is turning loss to gain,
It is searching for the sunshine
That is hidden by the rain.

And It Is But Memory

Sometimes in twilight soft and dim,
I hear the echo of an old sweet hymn;
It weaves within my reverie
Its rosary—its rosary.

And then there comes as light as air,
The soft touch of your lips upon my hair,
And like a rose-leaf trembles there:
Your whispered prayer—your whispered prayer.

And in the hush that true hearts know,
The dim lights burning soft and low
Repeat the tale your kisses seek
Upon my cheek—upon my cheek.

As one by one the embers fall,
And through the dusk dim voices call,
So near you seem, how can it be
But memory—but memory!

Ideate

Oh Love, in years long gone,
Innumerable days have passed since then,
I dreamed that you were mine,
And that you lived with men.
And from an eagle's crag
I nested with the stars;
Oh flight, Oh wing,
Oh nest among the stars!

'Twas only for a little space,
I never found my dream again,
Tho' sometimes in a lonely place,
And not with men,
I've caught the measure of the lapping waves
Dim and afar,
The whir of upward soaring wing
Beneath some answering star.

Dear Love, to find in me
The thing I saw in you!
Oh dream! Above the Lombard poplar tree
The sky hangs blue;
And down the amber colored west,
Dusk stalks with silent tread,
But Oh, to find my eagle's crag,
And nest with stars o'erhead.

He Finds Them Fair

There are no chosen few to Love,
We all are children of His care;
He looks upon the hearts of men,
And finds them fair.
And where we find some lurking fault,
To harass or condemn.
Our Father sees men as they are,
And comforts them.

So may we live each day to see
The good in all we meet;
And finding every hour more good,
All life will grow more sweet,
And knowing more of truth and love,
This be our prayer,
That where the critic sees the fault,
We find the fair.

Life's Rosary

The day is spent, and the darkness,
Creeps over the sea and the land,
And homeward with white sails lying
The boats steal up to the strand;
And only a voice in the darkness,
Comes back with the dip of the sea,
Only a voice from the silence,
Whispering its rosary.

The lips of the waves in their madness,
Are kissing the fickle sand,
I pray for the grace of an angel,
With wisdom to understand,
But only a voice in the stillness,
Comes back with the dip of the sea,
Only a voice from the silence,
Whispering its rosary.

The tale of the years in their telling
Slip by, like beads through the hand,
The strong tides lifting and swelling;
Sweep inward and out from the strand,
But only a voice from the stillness
Comes back with the dip of the sea,
Only a voice from the silence,
Whispering its rosary.

The Rose In My Heart

There is no joy left in the heavens,
It went with the smile on your face,
My heart of its gladness was shriven
And left but a desolate place.

And I sent out a call in my madness
As deep as the earth or the sea,
But only the echo of sadness,
Comes back as an answer to me.

The stars as they whispered in heaven,
Smiled down with a look of surprise,
When they noticed the dream they had given,
Replaced by the tears in my eyes.

And ever your voice in the darkness,
Still speaks in a language apart,
But only a rose that is broken
Blooms on in the deep of my heart.

When Father Comes

When father comes the house is glad,
And daughter skims the dusk with eager feet,
Down the long path, and calls "O dad, dear dad,"
And leaps to ready arms with welcome sweet.

And when we hear his footstep at the door,
The housecat stretches where he lies upon the
floor,
And mother puts another stick upon the grate,
And gently chides him when the hour is late.

And then around the board the faces smile,
From cares apart, and free from pride or doubt,
This is the hour of all the day the most worth
while,
Sufficient in itself, the world shut out.

The Cross and the Crown

Not that this cross be taken from me,
But that I learn the lesson it was sent to teach,
That I may find with His dear love about me,
Those larger heights which seem beyond my
reach.

And when its weight is great and I grow weary,
I know that self resists and owns its power,
And it grows lighter with His law revealing
A self rebuked within that chastened hour,

And so I ask to keep the cross I dreaded,
No more a weight when it has ceased to bless,
For in its shadow I have found the Presence
Which brings me peace and makes the burden
less.

And some day when the self that sins and suffers
Shall like mirage before my eyes go down,
I'll find the cross which seemed the greatest
burden
Has brought my weary hope its richest crown.

O Tender Love

O tender love that Jesus knew
On those far hills of Galilee,
Within Thy great security,
Lost may I be;
Lost to a world of doubt and sin,
But known to Thee.

O tender Love the dear Christ knows,
Within the shelter of Thy breast,
Thy gentle peace eternal flows
And tireless rest,
To him forsaking all, who proves
Thy way the best.

The way which shuts a vain world out
Of futile things,
Till losing sense of pride or doubt,
On heavenly wings,
The heart that knows the least of self
Awakes and sings.

Fruitage

Oh, God, I thank Thee for the hour
Which brought the bitterest cross,
For I have found a recompense
In every seeming loss.

And when some other life has seemed
To grow more rich through my distress,
I've learned to turn more oft to Thee,
For happiness.

When hatred, jealousy, and scorn
Had bruised my life with their disdain,
I've found their seeming jeopardies
Were only gain.

Since malice, pride, and all untruth
Which flung at me their poisoned dart,
Have turned from stones to diadems
Within my heart.

And in the soul's deep misery,
By earth and sense enticed,
For every dark Gethsemane
There is a risen Christ.

Down to Sleep

Deep in the West, a radiant sun set furled,
God is in Heaven, and Love is in the world;
Dear Father—Mother—One, I pray Thee keep
Watch o'er my loved, who lay them down to sleep.

Soft on the grass, the lengthened shadows fall,
Deep in the dusk, the happy voices call;
May Thy dear angels all Thy children keep
Safe in Thy love, who lay them down to sleep.

When in the West, the evening shades shall fall,
And I shall hear loved, silent voices call,
In that strange hour, Thy holy vigils keep,
When those who miss me say: "She's gone to
sleep."

Some day when Dawn across the sky is furled,
And Love Divine has overcome the world,
In that glad hour, no saddened hearts shall weep,
And Thy beloved no more lie down to sleep.

Lullaby

Slumber thou dear one, and sweet be thy rest,
Angels are guarding this child at my breast,
Stars in the heaven, their pale vigils keep,
And mother is rocking her dear one to sleep.

Loud wails the wind that sweeps out from the
West,
Baby hands clutching the lace at my breast,
Fierce be the tempest that sweeps o'er the wild,
But Love is enfolding the heart of my child.

Soft be thy slumber, and gentle thy rest,
Whence didst thou come to lie here on my breast?
Heart of my heart, that cried out to the deep,
And found its response in this dear one asleep.

Thus did the Virgin in years long ago,
Cry in her soul for the Wonderful One,
Thus did I cry for a love undefiled,
And thou art the answer, my innocent child.

Do You Remember?

Oh do you remember the church on the hill
In a village so still,
That the hum of the mill
Was the only disturbance the summer day
 through?
Save a dim water fall,
Or a bird on the wall,
Which sang to its mate in its vesture of blue?

Or mayhap the rumble
Of an axle agrumble,
Deep up to its hubs in the rivers of sand,
Or the cries of delight
Of the urchins at night,
Who played round their bonfires alight on the
 strand.

And far down the river
The aspens aquiver
Coquette in the sun, and their dances defend,
While the waters that play
Where the tall willows sway,
Still ripple and gleam as they sing to a friend.

And far up and over,
The notes of the plover
Fade out as he speeds to his home on the sound,
And the fields of red clover
Are the soft tents that cover
The brown of the lark as she nests on the ground.

And do you remember
That gorgeous September
The reds and the golds which painted the hill,
Where the birches still weep,
In the city of sleep,
And the hearts of its people lie silent and still?

And have you forgotten
The pulpit and loft
Where as preacher you scoffed
At the poor souls who weekly knelt down at your
 feet,
And the tall ugly pews
For the elders, who'd choose
To sit by themselves in their solemn retreat?

And mayhap the shade
Of an innocent maid
Steals back at the twilight and makes its demand,
For enfeebled in tones
The organ still groans,
Which wakened to life at the touch of her hands.

You said, that her eyes were as blue as the corn,
Which the road ways adorn
At the call of the morn,
And you made her a throne 'neath the birches
that weep,
From the leaves and the flowers that were press-
ing her feet,
Near the graves of her ancestors lying asleep.

And do you recall
How the sun over all,
Slipped down as you knelt in this mouldering
place
When you sought to erase
By its gloom, and your grace,
The smile that forever was haunting her face?

And you bade her be still
In this place on the hill,
While you told her a tale that was wild with the
thrill
Of a youth that was deep
In a dream that was sweet,
As the song of the waters that sang by the mill.

With a moonstone for token
Of words softly spoken
By lips lightly touched with the frosts of despair,
Like a rose petal fair,
Fell your kiss, light as air
Or a sigh of the wind, on the waves of her hair.

And could you repeat
Your vows at her feet,
As soft lay your prayer of desire in her breast,
When she read with surprise
The dream in your eyes,
As the glow of the sun faded out in the West?

Ah, swift to its close sped your dream of desire,
Like the fading of gold in the maples of fire,
With the fall of the leaves in the garden of sleep,
As silent as they fell the dream in your eyes;
'Neath the drip of the rain, or the blue of the
 skies
It sleeps where it fell, when you knelt at her feet.

Oh, village so still,
Oh, church on the hill,
How hardly may men on their fancies depend,
But the waters still bend,
Where the tall willows end,
And whisper and sigh as they sing to a friend.

If You Could Go Back

What would you give to go back to the years,
Back to the smiles, and back of the tears,
In the light of the truths that you now understand,
 Would you like to go back?

What would you give to live over today
The hours and the days in a time far away,
The smile of her lips and the touch of her hands,
 What would you give?

What would you give for the sweetness of pain,
Which beat on your soul like the wind or the rain,
For the song in your heart at the touch of her lips,
 What would you give?

What would you give for the hours in between
The sparkle of eyes, and the meadows of green,
For the welcome return of your far sailing ships,
 Say, what would you give?

And what would you give for the heart of a boy,
For your trust and your faith, and responses to
 joy?
But you had your vision, and gone is the dream,
And narrow and cold are the graves in between,
But could you go back, oh! how would it seem,
 If you could go back?

Brittingham Park at Twilight

Homeward the lakegull takes its circling flight,
Italia, laughing, lies upon the sands,
Behind the rose-trees fades the waning light,
And patient toilers fold their weary hands.

Twilight! And swallows skim the placid lake,
Twilight! A lone star trembles in its breast,
And through the drowsy air the echoes wake,
As earth and sky are wrapt in tender rest.

Beyond the darkening trees the silver dome
A brooding mother, o'er the city stands,
But here the humble fisher folk turn home,
And night drifts gently o'er the fringing sands.

As softly as unbidden memories steal,
As silent, as serene, and sweet,
Night folds the weary day that waits to kneel
And shed its burdens at her kindly feet.

Twilight! The ambient air grows still,
By silent fingers of the night caressed,
And lake and fragrant copse grow strangely still,
As daylight fades, and night brings rest.

Sometimes when soft the evening shadows fall,
I dream again I hear you when you call,
But as a petal drifts to float upon the stream,
So falls my dream, so falls my dream!
Night and the silent stars!
A roseleaf on the stream,
Night and the silent stars!
So falls my dream.

Retrospection

To whom shall come this child of thought
Deal with it kindly for old dreams' sake,
Impetuous say not; "It is naught,"
Fearing perchance it may awake
Echoes long dead;
Deal with it kindly for old dreams' sake,
And tears long shed.

If life has given with roses, rue,
Faint not, this is the lot of all;
From ashes gold; with aims more true,
The garnered wheat from stalks that fall,
Gather the fruit, nor waste the years,
Dawn follows night, and joy our tears.

Dream then with me for old dream's sake,
As heart to heart, and friend with friend,
And if, perchance, old calls awake,
As sweet are they at journey's end,
As at their birth; these days are best;
Dream then with me, nor quit thy quest;
But follow on from sun to sun,
As sweet this hour as when begun.

Then dream with me, nor fear the fire,
For all the woe the past has lent
Has purged our hearts from vain desire,
A guest disguised, heaven's angel sent.
Then age or youth which e'er it be,
A dreamer's dream,—to dream with me.

God dreamed, and lo, it was!
Result from Cause
He dreamed, and in Creation's span,
Beheld reality—and man.

I knew a man in old St. Charles,
On languid Fox, who dreamed to span
The sluggish river at his feet;
The dream conceived, controlled the man,
With faith upheld, in toil and care,
Thru walls and arch and strong concrete,
His hope became a thorofare,
A joy to all, his dream complete.

An so with far cathedral spire,
A mullioned pane, a stately dome,
To build a wall, an arch or home,
Each bridge that spans a raging stream
Was first conceived within a dream.

And youth to find its hopes expressed,
May see them scourged by many a fire,
And joy to sing its primal song,
May use full many a broken lyre,
But even so, to dream is best;
God saw His dream,—a world expressed.

Thru love, youth sees its own ideal,
And wakes to find its dream the real,
When sense and time and unbelief
Accedes to thought its base-relief.
Then come as friend with me and mine,
And leave past doubts and fears apart;
They have no tendrils to entwine
Around the oak of faithful heart.

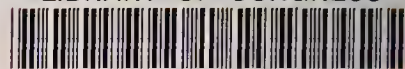
And if the summer day is spent,
We seem to youth as growing old,
Yet all the woe the past has lent
Has helped the more to find the gold.

Then dream with me and dreaming still,
In welcoming thought as friend to friend,
Proclaim to youth that no more fair
Its stormy hopes, than are their end.
But to rejoice and find the wheat,
And thread from beaten pulp that lies,
And thus to reap from each defeat,
A surer hope, and fairer skies.

I Joy That God's Completeness

I joy that God's completeness
Is the answer to our weakness,
To our strife, His quietness;
Joy that love's unlabored motion
Through a law of good, unbroken
Brings us rest.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 360 152 0